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Swift, Morrison Isaac

The old and the new life

Ashtabula, Ohio

1891

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MASTER NEGATIVE #

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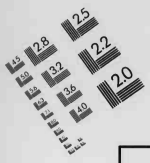

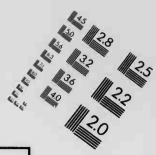

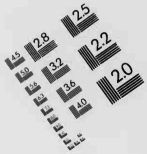

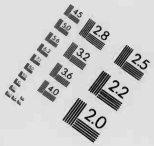

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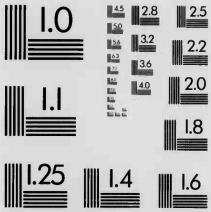

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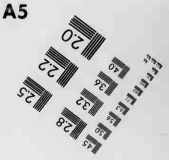

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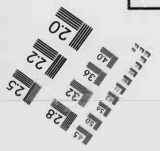

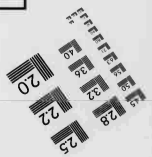

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II.

# THE OLD

AND

# THE NEW LIFE.

BY

MORRISON I. SWIFT.

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PRICE TWENTY CENTS.

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ASHTABULA, OHIO.
1891.

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# The Old and the New Life.

No one has ever undertaken to compute the effects upon mankind in these modern days, of insufficient exercise of the voluntary muscles. While we pass, as we are now passing, from the period essentially physical and muscular to that of prevalent brain and intelligence and refined emotions, we are certain, with characteristic human one-sidedness, to slight what we seem about to transcend and exaggerate what we begin to admire. And we are slighting the body.

But the body is a very good friend of the mind, is partner in all mental acts, is the masculine parental element of not the lowest instincts only but of the purest feelings and noblest longings. Medical science has seen that an invalid may long preserve a sweet temper, but under incurable suffering will almost certainly decay into querulousness. The process is not that of soul or spirit resisting the inroads of disease in an alien body, and capable of eternal resistance but for the failure of its own faith and willingness to be firm. No, disease encroaches upon the elements of which we are framed, it strikes one organ first, perhaps, and begins to communicate progressive imperfection to all. If the liver is the centre of trouble the vigor of all processes abates; the blood comes back from the lungs impure, the heart beats feebler, the brain goes lame; and thus all other organs begin to co-operate with the sick one to make it sicker and to drag the whole system down. The blood that returns to the recalcitrant liver is scant of the qualities that repair because the lungs are now crippled, and it runs laboriously and slowly on account of the disaffection of the heart and the reservoirs of propulsive nerve force.

We usually neglect the physical for a singular reason. It is to save time. We would like to expand the brain life to the utmost. It seems to us that the moments taken from the brain are squandered. That the brain

and body are functionally inseparable has not penetrated our theory. That physical pleasure is glorious and necessary we seem to be making ourselves forget. The wholesome sensation of fine physical existing is, next to life itself, the choicest of heaven's gifts. Nothing can take its place. There is no joy in genius without it; in its absence the moral man asks himself the meaning and profit of morality.

In our adoration of the mental we do not perspicaciously see for what we wish to save time. Is it that life shall be more wealthy in experiences? It is dangerous to have no guide in the selection of experiences. By crowding in some things others are crowded out. No one transcends his capacity. He inherits a fixed degree of life power: if he is skillful the most will come of it, if unskillful he will never climb the topmost peak of his potentiality. If we crave more mentality than nature planned for us we sacrifice both mental and physical powers and fall in disappointment and decrepitude. There are pre-established harmonies. The secret of secrets that we shall spend our days searching and applying is the equilibrium of our forces, that we may wear no faculty out by wilful over-use, neglecting the noble treasures of fresh and untried talent. Scheming to circumvent our capacities is a most mortal mistake. When we cannot enjoy a forest the power to make a great speech or improve the calculus is piteous; when the eye shows care, and vibrancy has died from the laugh, it were nothing to have taken a city or absorbed the railroad systems of a continent. We do not gain time, or cogency, or bliss by disregarding the balance in nature; the condition of completeness is to learn how all elements of our constitution minister to one another, and to apply the law of this service.

Various are the misconceptions growing out of the past that lead us astray. Our traditions concerning labor involve us in troublesome shallows. It has been thought demeaning to perform physical labor of any but selected sorts; an idea that lingers with us and is potent still. The misconception formerly affected only a few. It was not optional with the most of mankind to be genteel; they were outcasts by necessity and the accompaniment of their inferiority was manual toil. Besides this they were men at arms, fighting for their masters or superiors. And the superiors themselves? They too were fighters—in earnest most of the time, the rest of it in play, and they were always training in warlike exercises. So, although labor was contemptuously esteemed, it did not result in the abandonment of physical life by the patrician elements. Far otherwise. Their absorbing function



was physical. They were warriors, leading the most active lives.

Modern life changes the picture. War becomes exceptional, not constant. The patrician class loses its primitive function. It separates into two sections, the people of leisure and the managers of commerce. The former are the true descendants of the earlier patrician caste, they inherited wealth without labor; the latter have gradually forced their way to recognition, and have had their wealth to create. For the definite and necessary and energetic occupation that they lost the former have fostered sports, riding and hunting and fishing, open air games of strength and skill. The patricians that emerged from trade have not had leisure. They were obliged to make themselves patrician by amassing wealth, which occupied their days and nights. They neglected the sports of necessity and being from ancestral habit and tradition workers more than warriors or sportsmen, had no inclination to physical pursuits for nothing but pastime.

The nature of their new activities was mental rather than physical. There were two general grades of the new labor, the one ownership and management, the other the subordinate processes which were extensively manual and muscular. The first involved a minimum of physical exertion, and the greater part of it none. But it was this and not the other, the managing and mental functions and not the subordinate ones, that conferred the patrician degree. In other words, the new patricians of the industrial order were divorced in their occupations from the use of the body, and since it did not descend to them naturally in any other form, it dropped out of their lives.

In this evolution the uppermost criterion of gentility makes against the physical at nearly all points. In great centres of trade a distinction is drawn between large and small enterprises, and wholesale merchants are perceived to be qualified for a higher social elevation than retailers. This discrimination was another against the body. Sons of "good" families may become bank clerks and book-keepers, and this is congenial to their birth and social repute, but they have to defy public opinion to learn a trade or follow ordinary labor. In the one case they bring the physical powers into play, in the other it is the brain they work, mechanically, in a close and generally sunless place, and this they do through all the best hours of the day. Nevertheless it is genteel and manual toil is not.*

* Save on the farm, which however carries with it so many drawbacks that most who can avoid it.

social eminence the preference goes against physical duration and welfare.

What is the result? The breeding of a class of physical weaklings and thereby a class of mental weaklings. Every inducement that society commands is used to snare the best specimens of the race into these deteriorating conditions. The keen spur of social ambition pricks men wherever they are in the scale of life, and as they go up they leave the support and growth of the physical forces through exercise and sun and air, fountain sources of all forms of vigor, below. And what is this process when stript of social encomiums? It is the organized promotion of the choicer individuals of the race to conditions of slow but certain death. It moves them toward an imagined, chimerical eminence of human things, in order to destroy their vigor and spoil their progeny. It analogues the church method with its saints, and colleges of a late date with their bachelor fellowships for the best minds.* It was humanly ordained that such should not marry, that whatever eminence of piety or intelligence showed itself was to be headed off, cornered and extirpated. The finest characteristics were struck from the breed; the human stock was skimmed of its cream. Celibacy is not in our day enjoined upon those who show capacity for the superior places; they may have posterity, but deteriorated posterity, posterity worse than none. Nature does not forgive this arch crime of civilization, the holding of physical concerns in little esteem.

There are sometimes advantages with the change, as where promotion enlarges the income. Food and domestic environment are improved, there are vacations and in some instances leisure. But commonly the mechanic who assumes the mantle of gentility by becoming a clerk does not gain in dollars. Nevertheless he loses his exercise and digestion. Our farmers are said to overwork, and the report is that the clerks out-marched them in the last war. That would not hinder me from preferring the farmer's organization, and knowing that his son will become proprietor of the store before any of its town-born clerks. 'The robust children of rural districts, of less cultivated habits of attention than town-born children, are found to be slower in receiving ideas,' observers tell us; 'but with cultivation they are brought up to equal capacities of attention, and to greater retentiveness of the matter taught, than the common classes of town-born children.' †

We might as well admit that we cannot cheat the body of its open air

* See Francis Galton.
† Chadwick's *National Health*, p 100



life without stealing from the brain its best thoughts and its power and impulse to execute.

The higher avenues of life are of course deleterious for other reasons, and our genteel dismissal of the categorical imperative of bodily law is therefore the more to our loss. The internecine quality of competition increases with the commercial altitude of competitors, and the stony path to financial eminence is for most of those who bend their steps thither the way to hell and destruction. The Bible uses such forcible language to impress upon man that conduct ruinous to the perfect action of the bodily elements, and in some particular sense of those latest manufactured elements so directly associated with the higher sentiments, lead to the deepest deeps of suffering and degradation, to damnation and hell. And adapting biblical revelation and language to the revelations of science in this day, we find agreement in this, that the way to wealth is the way to hell. Compare the canonical denunciations of the pursuit of riches with the ultimatum of the scientist:* "Psychical disturbances are a prolific source of diseases of the nervous system, and it is probable that as civilization advances these causes will exercise a more and more predominant influence in the production of nervous disease. The depressing passions, such as fright, alarm, disgust, terror, and rage, have, no doubt, in all ages, exerted a deleterious influence on the nervous system; but in the present day the keen competition evoked by the struggle for existence in the higher departments of social life must subject the latest evolved portion of the nervous system to a strain so great, that those only possessing the strongest and best balanced nervous system can escape unscathed." †

The breaking of the balance of the nervous system is hell. The nervous system is a delicate musical instrument; if you disturb the least of its atoms the harmony begins to falter. It depends upon such apparently remote things as the girth of the chest, the lifting power, and the density of the flesh. There is a moment of utmost physical perfection and at that very moment the nervous system is playing the Ninth Symphony and singing supernal songs. A day indoors drives out Beethoven and shuts up heaven. A year at the counter or desk or dictionary may forever cloud the face of God. When love dies God dies, said Tolstoi, if not in these words

* Dr. Ross.
† See *Popular Science Monthly*, Feb. 1888, p. 508. Art. by Mary T. Bissell, M. D.

by suggestion in his wonderful title "Where love is there God is." Love and God are functions of the nervous system. In that moment of utmost physical perfection love is alive and God is there. God dies by inches out of most lives. These beautiful presences, God and love, depend on the love and God capacity. An ounce of food taken daily beyond the need of food banishes daily more than an ounce of God. The progressive atrophy of the tissues through want of use denotes the atrophy of God and love. Love is the self-annihilating instinct of one being in the presence of another—and the power of instincts is greatest in the prime of man. Love is charity, and in the immense recuperative morning of life generosity is supreme.

Let us be not mocked. Age kills God.

"What is it to grow old?
* * * *
It is to spend long days
And not once feel that we were ever young;
* * * * * *
It is to suffer this,
And feel but half, and feebly, what we feel.
Deep in our hidden heart
Festers the dull remembrance of a change,
But no emotion—none." †

We must grow old but we need not grow prematurely old. Every departure from the perfect physical life is expiated by premature age. Age neither suffers nor enjoys. Where feeling is not there God is not. The tranquility of an old man is not happiness. "Do you say that old age is unfeeling?" asks Oliver Wendell Holmes. "It has not vital energy enough to supply the waste of the more exhausting emotions." Can we postpone old age? This is the question at the heart of all bibles and moral treatises. This same youthful octogenarian, Dr. Holmes, gives us warning with genial sadness of what must happen to every daring survivor who scales the white peaks of age. "Nature's kindly anodyne is telling upon us more and more with every year. Our old doctors used to give an opiate which they called 'the black drop.' It was stronger than laudanum, and, in fact, a dangerously powerful narcotic. Something like this is that potent drug in Nature's pharmacopœia which she reserves for the time of need,—the later stages of life. She commonly begins administering it at about the time of the 'grand climacteric,' the ninth septenuial period, the

† Matthew Arnold, *Growing Old.*



sixty-third year. More and more freely she gives it, as the years go on, to her grey-haired children, until, if they last long enough, every faculty is benumbed, and they drop off quietly into sleep under its benign influence." Happiuess is contingent upon the degree of life and sensation and these have ebbed low in the old man. "Time, the inexorable, does not threaten him with the scythe so often as with the sand bag. He does not cut, but he stuns and stupifies." *

There are no tumultuous sufferings in age, but I cannot acquit the prematurely old of the sorrows of hell. In them "festers the dull remembrance of a change" that wisdom might have deferred.

Physical and moral are at last one. They have the same root and trunk; we differentiate them by analysis, and fictitiously. Moral pains are as physical as the hand or foot. They are the discomfiture of the physical elements, and are caused alike by infractions of the so-called moral law and by bodily distempers. A cold not only sharpens the knives of conscieuce but its effect is iucipient moral insanity. We may be sure that conduct which in none of its consequences tends to the destruction of the physical is not immoral. The greater part of moral suffering in the world is the product of a misunderstandiug. Actions are supposed to be injurious that are not injurious, and they are met with the moral lash. The moral castigation causes uumeasured suffering but suffering that was gratuitous, mistaken, ignorance-born. "Terrible to me are the awful sufferings from trifles and unnecessary catastrophes," said Rakhmetof. †

Thus at last all morality and all religion, all questions of the conduct of life and the attainment of happiness and heaven and God, return iu the grand sweep of the circle wherein the universe is compassed to this,—the perfection of man's body. Whatever goods we know are ascending goods while the sun of life goes up, lesseniug all the fading afternoon until darkness sombrely invests them and terminates all. It were worthy the ecstasies and sacrifices of all the best of a generation or of ten generations to establish this central and spherical character of the body, at bottom the groping aim of fetish-worshipper and priest and scientist in all geuerations since the cenozoic time, altho obscured by many obscurations of theory, couscious purpose and method.

* *Over the Tea-Cups*, p. 30,
† In Tchernuishvesky's *A Vital Question.*

I have gone a long way and said much to show how deep and heavy the curse of our commercial and social method is, that it weighs down to hell—a tangible, present, demonstrable hell, the mother-hell of all moral obliquities —and that it is not to be lifted until the flaming sword of a higher thought banishes the prime satan of gain by one man through the labor and loss of another, competition, and all that brood.

But there are many more manifestations of the curse by which we die, knowing the remedy. A vitiating fallacy of our lives is that goods, material possessions, are requisite to culture and gentility. After some few ordinary comforts of life it is social standing, the patrician rank, that people crave; and because wealth and standing have been cousins-german until now in the world's evolution, they imagine them inseparable organically and forever. There is no vital bond between them. Their association in the past was natural. Culture required leisure, and leisure was freedom from drudgery. It was bought by wealth or power, either of which engaged that drudgery should be done by someone else. In the earlier organization of the world it was only possible to cultivate a few persons at a time. If the effort had been made to cultivate many, it must have failed, and the failure would have hindered even the few who won culture from getting it. It was a matter of arithmetic. The means of culture were few; had they been spread out, had there been a little less for those who captured them, it must have been at the expense of cultivation itself.

But it may be going too far to say that it was a matter of arithmetic. Perhaps had the men been different there might have been an extension of culture without sacrifice of its intensity. But the men were not different. It took thousands of years to make them different, and this process of making them different was culture. Culture was then a different thing from now; not different in essence but different in the qualities it had to train. In order that the development of the race might go on at all it was essential to establish certain habits in the race. Bagehot has taught us of what primary importance it was for the development of society that obedience should become a radical instinct. "Perhaps," says that writer, "every young Englishman who comes nowadays to Aristotle or Plato is struck with their conservatism: fresh from the liberal doctrines of the present age, he wonders at finding in those recognized teachers so much contrary teaching. They both—unlike as they are—hold with Xenophon—so unlike both—that man



is the 'hardest of all animals to govern.' Of Plato it might indeed be plausibly said that the adherents of an intuitive philosophy, being the 'tories of speculation,' have commonly been prone to conservatism in government; but Aristotle, the founder of the experience philosophy, ought, according to that doctrine, to have been a liberal, if any one ever was a liberal. In fact, both of these men lived when men had not 'had time to forget' the difficulties of government. We have forgotten them altogether. We reckon, as the basis of our culture, upon an amount of order, of tacit obedience, of prescriptive governability, which these philosophers hoped to get as a principal result of their culture. We take without thought as a *datum* what they hunted as a *quaesitum*." *

People were then learning the rudiments of morality. A great deal had to be postponed. The power of inhibition was cultivated by asceticism, but this asceticism dwarfed nature in other parts. "The way to eternal life is through the portal of sacrifice, of death," says Davidson.

But centuries of grim experience have now prepared the ground for culture of higher morality; hereditary traits like obedience are fairly established and even too well established. We must ascertain the nature of this higher morality, what outward conditions it must create to accomplish its dominion of the world.

The first and sustaining stratum of the new order is, as we have shown, that the physical life be promoted to its right rank. It shall not be left to casual volition, or an evanescent impulse to steal an hour for the body against conscience and financial welfare; but shall become a part of the unalterable ordering of the day and year and century, for each man and woman, a part of his function as tenant of the earth, not to be shirked without deep pangs of spirit and stringent social penalties. The social opprobrium shall set sternly against those who tempt or compel or permit their fellows to exceed the natural limits of exertion, whether physical or mental, or who themselves from false ambition or perverted conscience over-step them.

And how is this to be done? Not by subsidizing games or eulogizing self-restraint. It is to be done by making manual labor a function necessary to each, and undelegable, absolutely undelegable by the well. The manual workers now overwork, not because overwork is a necessity unavoidable if the world is to have its present quantity of goods for con-

* *Physics and Politics.* III

sumption; they overwork because a large percentage of the population, to its own hurt, does no manual work at all. Those who do no physical labor, whether brain workers or idlers, suffer from physical disuse and softening tissues, not because there is no bodily labor to be performed, but because society has so put itself together that it is disgraceful to do the bodily labor; or difficult or impossible, from the mechanical arrangement of industry, to do some without doing too much.

A simple change of industrial mechanism will correct this monstrous evil. The manual worker now stands at his post eight, ten, twelve, fifteen hours daily, always the same man. Let this custom be modified so that those who wish may work one-half the day instead of all day, or even less than half, being then replaced by other men wishing to work but part of the day. There would be some increase of complexity, tho very slight as against the enormous advantages. The feeling of utility would give character and attractiveness to the exercise one took with a practical end. All the arguments that have been advanced for manual training flow to the support of this system. The one-sidedness of business men and students, their deficiency in manual skill and lack of brain culture responding to manual practice, would be mitigated. Why should a man go irksomely to a gymnasium for exercise when a fellow man in the neighboring shop has twice the exercise each day that he was made for?

But how would it affect the productive capacity of the brain working managers, for whom the day is already too short and whose midnights prolong it, to subtract some hours for an alien occupation? Nothing would more enhance it. For now the manager is jaded and congested, then he would have freshness and the energy of sufficient muscular life. What a man does is not so much a question of time consumed on it, as of brain condition brought to bear, which varies directly with physical vigor. And then these managers are also men, sent here to live, not to be scape-goats for the inability of others. At the loss of some material products is it not their right to live a little more pleasantly and lastingly in place of cutting an air line to counting-room glory and extinction? The costly residence and fortune of Thomas Scott, a typical industrialist in life and death, remain to his own generation and he is dead, thirty years too soon. Franklin Gowen, another manager, born for eighty years, dies at fifty-four. "Perhaps," the New York *World* moralizes, "he should be regarded as another victim of the American pace which kills. He worked too hard, crowded too much into



his life, worried too much, and—paid the penalty." The industrial ordering of our period extracts too much from the managers. Set life over against a dry goods store, a thousand miles of railroad, all the petroleum in the ground, the very world itself, and what man would hesitate? Sleep and dynamic blood are the price our managers are to pay for their industrial eminence and fortunes.

But how does it occur that industry hinges all in all on a handful of captains? In some lines of manufacture only a few producers succeed while numbers fail because there is a scarcity of capable managers in their departments. What is the cause of this but the general low intellectual level of those engaged in industry? The workers cannot become intelligent. Managing capacity cannot be produced if each man works all day at one thing. The blindness of the captains is their own destruction. They believe in making conditions that shall train for them the fewest assistants—they call them competitors—in fabricating what the world needs, and so they take a weight upon their own shoulders that right soon crushes them down.

I need hardly call attention to the rent these few skilled managers charge for themselves because they are few. Rent is paid for good land because good land is scarce; rent likewise has to be paid to good managers because good managers are scarce. The good land is not responsible for keeping itself scarce; the good managers make a special point of keeping good managers scarce, because this enables those there are to collect rent of the consumers of what they make. It was never believed that scarcity of good land is a profitable thing for mankind, tho it is an immensely profitable thing for the good land owners. It is not a good thing for mankind to have few skilled managers, tho it is financially a great stroke for the managers themselves to keep down the supply, and to rent themselves out at a great figure.

Because there are but few skilled managers the product is small. Consumers not only pay a high price for what they get—this being scarcity rent for the good managers—but they are denied a sufficiency. Scarcity of managers operates as a trust: the out-put is readily kept so small as to yield a monopoly price.

A breach in the ranks of the industrial captains that let in a few more captains would give a welcome relief to this over-worked class, tho it also diminished their profits. It is not worth while to get nothing but business out of life, even at monopoly profit. The objection is that some one else enjoys the profit. The plan of having every one take a turn at something

manual each day solves this riddle of a limited captaincy. Men of large brain tract brought to operate mechanical processes will master them and relieve the weary captains. The workmen, too, will become a new race of men. Getting a little bodily reprieve, their minds must begin to move and before long will evolve inventions and quicker processes. It is curious that a manager does not study the psychology of his men. I have heard working men and women say that the work lags toward the end of the day, on account of their fatigue, and confess how they set their pace slow in the morning when they are fresh and husband their strength for the long journey. There is no particular economy to the employer in this. Boys have described to me the speed of their work when a half holiday was in sight, or even one unusual hour of vacation before sun-down.

The injury to men through minimal division of labor is one of the heavy indictments against modern society. The advantages of division of labor are so great that we are not to relinquish them, but the hardships that they involve we must remove. Division of labor is now division of occupation and division of men. It is however unnecessary that a man should do the same work from dawn till night, for rotation of duties is possible, dividing the day into fourths, and giving each man four specialties—to vary the monotony and illuminate the brain. The objections are, loss of time in learning four arts instead of one, loss of time in changing work, apathy of the workmen themselves to the improvement; in reply to which: the subdivision of a process is quickly learned, fifteen minutes lost in change twice a day would act like recesses at school, and the workmen are apathetic because they have lived too long in a treadmill.

Of course such arrangement would be only the beginning of economic rationalizing of industry. After it, is necessary a system of promotions reaching to the errand boys. Said a western employer of labor, 'It is my interest to keep each of my men ignorant of all but his particular work; it is their interest to get as much knowledge of the business as possible; and each side acts accordingly. If they become too versed and proficient they require pay for it, and I find it cheaper to pay them less and have them know less. The more they know the more consideration they want. An inside knowledge of the business makes them valuable to other firms, or dangerous competitors. My policy is therefore to restrict their sphere.' This again illustrates that, tho efficient helpers and captains of industry are needed, the present captains thwart their evolution all they can. A man of the world said, 'There are more men in business who do not advance their employes' wages and position when they deserve it, than those who do.' The government endorses this injustice. The head clerk of a postoffice, who is kept through successive changes of postmasters because he understands the business, which the postmaster does not, receives lower salary than his superior. This is discouraging to merit.



A blacksmith's apprentice whom I know was paid $2.75 a week for the first year, with promise of one dollar a week more yearly until five years had been served. This reward cannot be called stimulating. But at the end of the second year the employer refused to make the stipulated advance, excusing himself by saying that business was dull. There seems to be hardly anything that a working-man can be sure of.

Are working-men worth no more at the end of ten years than of two? Some say not, and verily this may be true after ten years of sordid, spirit-breaking life. They are not solicited by their environment to become better. The compulsion of opportunities, crushing others to get them, is an act of savages. The better natures shrink from this brutal self-assertion, and consign themselves to more honorable lowliness if not extinction. All employments should be made schools, educating the operators from grade to grade. Those who are not capable of much progress shall be rewarded for faithfulness and length of service by increasing pay. The doing of mechanical, disagreeable or monotonous work year after year, deserves a rising reward precisely because it is mechanical, disagreeable, or monotonous.

There are honorable exceptions to this hard selfishness of the employer toward the employed, and when they occur they show how crazy the old industrial hulk we are riding in is, and how the wise industrialist will put off in a skiff by himself. Industry in our day and generation is like unto a man who planted a field and put no richness thereon, and when the harvest time came the product was small. He starves his men of human constituents and they, because figs do not grow on thistles, starve him of his individual product. The good industrialist feedeth his flock. It is great prudence to feed one's flock. So it has been proved by the Richards Brothers, who are wholesale and retail grocers in the town where I live. If any one cares for worldly prudence, and some do, they have proved that it is great worldly prudence, and this will ensure its general adoption. They were paying their assistants $10 a week, a sum considered sufficient in these parts. They raised

the salaries of all uniformly to $12, without being solicited. They give their men regular holidays and require them to take vacations, and they are now contemplating seven o'clock evening closing of their retail department, in the face of a backward sentiment of the community, where most stores put out their lights at nine or after. The employes of this establishment work unusually well.

But the principal effect is upon the public. In these days of entrenched selfishness no one readily fathoms the motive of a man who voluntarily throws away on each employe two dollars a week more than he must. Some explanations by the firm disclosed the point. "We discovered," explained the Richards Brothers, "that one of our men, tho thrifty and careful, was able to save nothing from his ten dollars and provide for his family. And yet he is one of the creators of our income. Is he not entitled to something more than a bare living if we are?" These employers do not have an inflated opinion of what they have done; they know that it was an act of clear justice, not generosity,—a thing they were bound in honor to do. It had a bracing influence upon the other clerks of the town, for some saw that they were also entitled to higher wages, which their employers, in consequence of what the Richards had done, could not deny.

The episode shows how much more than words actions are, and how the thinking individual may walk through the standing straw of custom and make a path.

The same firm has just established a reading room for the public, in its retail store. It has created something like a panic in domestic circles by carrying its respect for justice home and paying the persons who are usually called servants what they earn. Ashtabula is neither a very old nor a very rich village, but there is a distinction between the sewing-girl and her mistress nevertheless. There is an upper and lower class just as there is in London and Hoochoofoo. I do not know but this is right and proper, tho I am very much confused to know which is upper and which is lower. I have noticed that the class which dresses best and has the money is called upper, but I have discovered so many depravities of character in this class, which I do not find in the other class, that I think a mistake has surely been made. The class that suffers from these depravities cannot be an upper class, and the class that is without them is not a lower one. Pride is one of these depravities,—the people who have pride thinking they are better than other people; and this is a sure mark of low breeding and depraved character. Members of the "upper" class almost always bear this mark, which is a badge of servility to base ideas and of inferior associations. Pride is the food and drink of the "upper" class, and it is no wonder that on such diet it becomes morally scrofulous. We have in Ashtabula, as there are, God save us! in other villages, a number of persons who are called "the better people." They are the people of "society," and the upper class. After much reflection and observation I say of these better people that the ideas upon which they pride themselves and the attributes by which they know they are better than others are corrupting, and that in assorting the children of the town their children must be marked damaged stock. If I am brought up to think that the person who cooks my food for wages is a less person than myself, one properly relegated to the kitchen and kitchen-chamber and the companionship of underlings, my moral vision is distorted and I am condemned to degradation of soul throughout my life. I like a man who goes heroically down the decalogue, breaking the whole ten, better than the glistering better sort, who are always at work on their social fences to let the proper individuals in and keep the improper individuals out. I know well that their ubiquitous occupation is fencing and that while they are talking with me about Dr. Koch's lymph they are weighing their own social merits against mine. If I am born to a family of social fence-makers I know that unless I am a hero of consummate mold my doom is written; for whether I pray at the church or entertain a guest at home I am driving a social picket, and when I marry I am digging a social post-hole. All the springs of the moral life of persons reared to this occupation are tainted; all their motives are frivolous and mean, and they are hollow and false, because, for the standards of their conduct, they descend not into the mighty realities of Nature, but abide in the senseless proprieties of their social class. Do you wonder why their children are rakes and dolls? So when I learned that a family had decided to pay its maid-servant what she earned I was not surprised to learn soon after that a right christian pledge had been circulated among the affrighted house-wives to pay their kitchen girls not more than a dollar and fifty a week. I wonder they did not bind themselves to charge their servants for second-table board and garret lodging.

The upper class is uncompanionable because it has staked off the sky of conversation and one cannot lead the talk upon a vital theme without coming up against the barbed wire of a prejudice. I may not hear the select information or the cultivated intonations and complicated implications, nor be

sure that the physical postures are right, but my soul is not lacerated with moral evasions when I talk with a common person and I know that his means have not allowed him to cultivate deception as an art.

It is not always necessary to go to Boston or Berlin for great information. I noticed all these things in Ashtabula; but I do not want anybody to think that Ashtabula is the only place where the "upper" class is erroneously called upper. I have noticed the same thing in Saybrook and Philadelphia and wherever I have been. I have learned to look to the poor man for help when I needed it, and if I arrived at a town with no money in my purse I would never go to the man with a fine house or the minister to ask where I might find work. Give me the poor man for friendship. He hasn't much to give me but I know he'll not hesitate to give that if I am in want. The rich man cannot be a friend, for a friend is ready to give away everything on emergency. The genius of a rich man is to keep and not to give. What is the defining quality of elevation? Friendship. Who then are the upper class?

Without a system of promotions according to industry and merit and length of service, the working people have nothing to cheer them on to effort. Hope is a great economic factor. It will revolutionize industry by and by as surely as electricity will. It has not yet been harnessed to production. By hope the middle class, when they were poor, invented and created the gigantic industries that bring down wealth from heaven to their owners like manna; by hope the lower class will find out how to make the earth a paradise. Only we must give them the gift of hope. I think of the great wasted powers of the common people as I think of the steam that used to idle about the planet before this century, conscious of its latent powers and chafing for the birth of its interpreter.

And on the other hand it is premonitory when the common people are gradually but surely deprived of that remnant of hope which has found them in courage to wait ever a little longer for the day of deliverance. Our true rulers, the Goulds and Rockefellers, are taking possession of one province of industry after another, and their power is greater than all under or over them combined. The president of the nation is their tool and they are a congress above congress. What is the use of talking about supreme courts when these men are the supreme courts of the land? Let us embalm justice and lay her away for an age when the billionaires are dead. She has no country and no home and no occupation now. These men are good organ-



izers, but they always organize selfishly. They are Napoleons in organization, and they are as ruthless of human life and happiness. But Napoleon was providential and so are they. Napoleon represented the growing pains of European civil institutions, and they express the growing pains of industry. Some few hundred thousand hearts stopped beating, but I suppose it was not Napoleon's business to care. God sent Napoleon to do his work; not to care. We've strapped up the young infant industry until he can't grow, and the Goulds and Rockefellers are cutting the straps. It seems to be almost a foregone certainty, looking at the past, that only hard, selfish men who do not care can do these things. How much organization of industry is being undertaken unselfishly?

We are living in the age of industrial feudalism, as many savants have informed us. Each factory is a castle; each owner would like to exterminate the others. Society is in a state of anarchy. A few of the barons are finally beginning to get the upper hand. Numerous petty trade sovereigns have already been reduced to vassalage. There will be soon evolved a trade kingdom, when one despot becomes mighty enough to subjugate his rivals. Then will begin the process of stripping the king of his industrial prerogatives, which will continue until he is as powerless as the president of the United States. The king used to think that he owned his realm and his subjects; so seem to think our commercial kings that they own theirs. It is not acceptable now to claim divine rights for rulers, but the rights of property are still god-given.

After the lords fought it out among themselves in feudal Europe and the kings got themselves established, the yeomanry and artisans had still to be heard from. They were the material of our present society, and the process of retiring the king and lordling from the scene began. Our farmers and artisans are still to be heard from and they are the material of a still better society to come. They play the part of god in the world, being always unreckoned on, but coming in at the right time to do the mighty works that everyone had pronounced impossible. There are no miracles; anything can be done that people set out to do.

But before these classes arouse themselves from their lethargy things usually go very far to the bad. One would think that they would never for a moment be content with their sinking condition, but they look on for a long time uncomprehendingly. For they still have hope, the virgin American hope that any man can become rich, that the common laborer can com-

pete with the trust. But now our true rulers are shattering their hope. Lord Bacon hath furnished a prudent and Machiavellian maxim for our true rulers the rich, from which they are departing in their prosperous garnering season of the liberties and properties of their countrymen. He proffers sound counsels to rulers for "removing discontentments," such as "to give moderate liberty for griefs and discontentments to evaporate (so it be without too great insolency or bravery) in a safe way; for he that turneth the humors back, and maketh the wound bleed inwards, endangereth malign ulcers, and pernicious impostumations;" and he cautions the rulers that "the politic and artificial nourishing and entertaining of hopes, and carrying men from hopes to hopes, is one of the best antidotes against the poison of discontentments; and it is a certain sign of a wise government and proceeding when it can hold men's hearts by hopes when it cannot by satisfaction, and when it can handle things in such manner as no evil shall appear so peremptory but that it hath some outlet of hope." * But our true rulers attend not to classic wisdom. Great capitals easily consolidate, and then, under the fictions of the rights of property, their sovereignty is absolute. The Napoleonic law is that the greatest capitals pass into the hands of the men of least conscience, the Goulds and Rockefellers. Then these men of iron selfishness become the supreme rulers and hope dies in the people. Then it is that the miracle is performed, that the peasants and artisans throw off their sleep and cleanse the Augean stables, and the world puts on a new dress.

Hope might easily be spared—a deceptive hope it may be, but one that can "hold men's hearts" in such manner as "no evil shall appear peremptory." So small a thing as a system of promotions may preserve hope, and if truly pursued obtain the substance of things hoped for.

A particularly hurtful form of specialization has entered every department of life. It first divides life by a fast and inflexible line into two periods, the spring of play and intended preparation, and the mature season of performance. The distinction is unnatural and paralyzing. It results in a highly organized system of preparation, but one at cross purposes with the thing to be prepared for. After elaborate training in the schools, young men discover with consternation that they have fitted themselves for a condition of things that does not anywhere exist, or anywhere but in the training

* Essay: *Of Seditions and Troubles.*



schools from which they have come. Emerging from these schools they find themselves at a fork in the highway of life. Stepping down from the artificial to the actual they may begin a second time their preparation for the struggle after existence: and this for men who have achieved the summit of things in one world is a sore requisition indeed. The educated man is ready for no industrial occupation, with exceptions hardly note-worthy. * It is humiliating to begin on the ground, amidst men of an alien and despised culture, yet conspicuously better in the one matter that there really counts. Only a single circumstance softens the situation and gives a lucrative tinge to liberal education, the circumstance that education is so much the privilege of the possessing classes; wherefore during education friendly companionships are formed with the possessing classes, and the educated are subsequently favored in business at the expense of the rest.

But there remains another path, seemingly more rosy and dignified than this. By cleaving to the ark of education itself one may evade the irritating delays and vulgar associations of commercialism. The office of education is like the ceremonial of a primitive worship, or the astonishing inventions of a secret society. The training of an adept is wonderful and diffieult. The complicated surprises are a splendid synthesis of human ingenuity. But the crowning marvel is that all these fine creations belong to dream-land or the temple. Waking life is all outside. Albeit in the very haze and maze of the priestly employment there is terrestrial compensation. The carpenters of this dream life did not build without the perception that their livelihood was there. And they reared an imaginative edifice, wherein abilities of strength and scope would find vocation. The temple of educa- is such a dove-tailed world. Education has been brought to its towering isolation from the earth by a long line of professional men, giants, many of them, vying to consummate an ideal scheme. It is not of the earth, but the mechanics of this cloud castle have cast about it a mystic dignity that sanctions its inhabitants to bear themselves with condescension to the people of the great actual firmament. Fifty devoted life-times would not afford perfection in the sacerdotal duties of this worship. It is a career that is unique; its emoluments are many; and those who consecrate to it their lives are exempt from comprehending the other life, that of the millions, beyond

* The industrial chemjst, for example.

the triangles of knowledge. The laws that reign in this republic of letters are not the laws that reign in the republic of life.

This is the other path. One must select if he will cut himself off from his race, choosing the fireside and tea, to the wild winds and life's masculine struggle. It is not uninteresting to be a pillar of this pseudo, competitive life. Yet it is expensive to the common-day workers who hold these pillars up; and it is grieving to realize the sorry awakening one must have if ever he sets out across the space that divides the palace of fancies from the world where God and the majority live.

Even an educator may come out into the light and toil with his hands. The sight would be stimulating. None of the bibles say that a professor shall always be trim and grand. I have a yearning to see one of them in a flannel shirt and blouse going to a mill for a fifty minutes' turn at labor with the men who pay his salary. It is the common workers, you know, who pay these dignitaries' salaries at last. A workingman's garb is easily got. If President Eliot in Boston, President Low in New York, and President Gilman in Baltimore would just get it and go into a factory, well, one hour a month, at first, until their muscles hardened,—one twelve-hour day in the long year—we know it would portend an education a little unified with life, as well as a grain of the new life we are always talking about. For these steepled presidents do not know anything about real life, up there where they are; and yet they are the conductors of the educational express train which advertises to leave passengers at all stations on life's journey in the best fashion. Every professor ought to have a trade; not a trade that he points back to with the turgid pride of a German princeling, saying, 'I made this chair, this whole chair,' and well might he add, 'and nothing but this chair.' A reminiscent trade acts well its part, as that patched marble shoe on the Prussian king's statue acts well its part. It is a good symptom to patronize trades and economy. Jay Gould, the American Trade Czar, with his mouse-trap in one hand and transcontinental railroads in the other, probably takes pride in saying, 'I have a trade,' and holds up his mouse trap. It was a true emblem. Jesus symbolized the net, and became a fisher of men; Gould became a trapper of men.

But symbolic trades and symbolic labor are not for our day. We are earnest to have men of symmetry produced, and symmetry will not descend save on those who labor with their hands and earn a part of what they eat and wear by this labor. Such is the inexorable law. We are therefore required to bring our scholars under the dispensation of physical service. "The true philosophers," as said Montaigne, "if they were great in science, were yet much greater in action." Does scholarship grow ever more complicated and difficult so that scholars are forbidden to be philosophers and may only drill their lives away at one hole? Then have they not even chosen the economic way to make the deepest hole. For brain workers think to accomplish the best by giving their uttermost time and energy to brain, labor. But this is not the way it is done. It is done by having another occupation, supplementary to the brain specialty. Actual trial has already gone some way toward proving this, in the English half-time factory schools. Says Sir Edwin Chadwick, "The preponderant testimony is that in the same schools, where the half-time factory pupils are instructed with the full-time day scholars, the book attainments of the half-time scholars are fully equal to those of the full-time scholars, *i. e.*, the three hours' are as productive as the six hours' mental labor daily." I commend the chapter in "National Health"* from which this is taken—"The power to learn with health ofebody"—to all brain-workers, but most of all to students and teachers. The author finds ground for asserting "that the general average school time is in excess full double of the *psychological* limits of the capacities of the average of children for lessons requiring mental effort," and for believing "that the school and collegiate requirements are everywhere more or less in excess of psychological limits." So far as an individual may observe I have found this almost uniformly true in colleges and universities. It is the bane of the life of a university that all are living to accomplish something and none are living to live; and I believe it is an infallible truth that only by living to live will any man accomplish his appointed quota. At Johns Hopkins the greatest effort is made by everybody to accomplish something, and the students and inferior professors are the most worried and overworked company I ever met. It is perhaps devoted to live in that way—altho not devoted to anything very high—but it is not life. These men, and the Johns Hopkins institution, are all making the mistake that Sir Walter Scott made when he fell into debt. In his days of prosperity Sir Walter had declared of his daily effort "that he worked for three hours with pleasure, but that beyond about four hours he worked with pain." "After his misfortunes, however, he allowed himself no relaxa-

* "National Health" is Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson's abridgement of Sir Edwin Chadwick's "The Health of Nations," and is a book of great value.

tion, and there can be little doubt that this over-exertion contributed as much as the moral suffering which he endured to the production of the disease of the brain, which ultimately caused his death." * The Johns Hopkins men are working without relaxation and that is the spirit of the institution. They go on the principle of getting goods and appreciating life afterward. But man is twenty-five years old once only in his life, and when he is distinguished and forty and has a salary he looks about for the joy of youth that he deferred and finds that it belonged to the years of youth, years that are gone; he looks about for the compensation of those surrendered years, and finds that he has distinction, salary and a little completed work. Yes, he has his work; that was why he gave away the joys of youth while they were his and invited the pains of age,—he burned to win another islet from the unknown for his race to dwell upon. Years of soul-tumult and suppression were his, happiness has departed forever into the silent past, he has worked and worked and is only on the threshold of the task he promised, the remuneration for his great sacrifices. But he can still work, he will yet gain the islet. Then it is he learns that with youth and the joy of youth the power and joy of labor departed and nothing remains but the dying dream, distinction bought by some petty, promising achievments, and a salary.

Hence the imposing falsity of the Johns Hopkins spirit that presses its best blood to toil and tire and crucify life, ever straining for what it cannot get except it be born to the knowledge that accomplishment and joy are linked to each other as brain and heart.

There are many things that the true scholar would naturally do if he carried out the ambitions which his knowledge inspires. He would wish to reform the world. Lowly ambition his, say common men, enforcing their brave indifference with the song—

"do you dare to be
Of the great majority?"

Yes, the scholar dares to be of the great majority, for to-day they also long to reform the world, their own world, in which they are denied home and rest. The scholar is singular and illustrious in asking for the reform, not only of one institution and some other, but for the reform of the world. In olden times there were philosophers, said Tchernuishevsky, in modern times

* *National Health*, p. 106.



they of philosophic genius and spirit are reformers. And Tolstoi with the same thought says, there were only a few great men in former ages, now we have a process to make them to order. But the really great man may always be known, he is constrained by the eternal forces in him to improve his sphere.

Shall we ask then why the American scholar "shined upon by all the stars of God," does not leap to the acceptance of this splendid mission? We pause before descending from these magnetic batteries of genius whom the cold night of hunger and opposition can only animate and gladden on their predestined course, to the sedentary absorption of the scholarly majority in the matter of daily bread. We cannot tell how much of their moral disability and inaction is depravement of physical tone, the discord and frailty of tissues that have aged too early because the scholar had no trade or play to relax and spare him. But it is certain that the secret of the moral sterility of our scholars has some manner of connection with this question of bread. Nowhere have our thinkers achieved perfect independence; they must still ponder the reception of their thought, asking themselves timorously as each word is written if it will depress the sale of the book, or if the president of their college can withstand the indignation of the church-goers or capitalists after that cautiously progressive sentiment is published. The offended public can deprive them of a laboratory and leisure to investigate and a salary to buy bread, if they do not honey their words and exhibit their advanced opinions to the world through a smoked glass. I am afraid the Hebrew prophets and very few of the Greek philosophers would have made good American university professors. Progress is painfully won in a system organized to starve progressive and non-conforming thinkers. But it happens to have been so always, with the qualification that in some ages the innovators have not been given time to starve. Renan has beautifully described the never-ceasing play of this principle, his subject being the conviction of Jesus:—

"Starting from principles accepted at the outset by all ancient polity, Hanan and Caiaphas were right in saying: 'Better the death of one man than the ruin of a people.' This reasoning seems to us detestable. But this reasoning has been that of all conservative parties from the origin of human societies. 'The party of order' (I use this expression in the mean and narrow sense) has always been the same. Thinking that the final word

of government is to check popular emotions, it believes that it is doing an act of patriotism when it prevents by juridical murder the tumultuous effusion of blood. Little thoughtful of the future, it dreams not that by declaring war against all progress, it runs the risk of wounding the idea which is destined, some day, to triumph. The death of Jesus was one of the thousand applications of this polity." *

How to obtain for the thinker immunity from this law, that is the question which presses for an answer amid great difficulties. He must have a material basis of life beyond patronage—for the endower of a college chair and the president who selects its occupant are patrons of the incumbent; he must make his wants few and simple and learn to live by his hands. He may eat bread and drink water in a loft but he will throw his smoked glass out the window; he may spend less hours at his desk and books, but his work will be more choice and enduring.

The world is flooded with books where common-places are elaborately said. The Book of Daniel was not long, still briefer was the sermon on the mount; the writings of Descartes, which were the germ of modern philosophy, are soon read through. These men meditated, mastered the art of pregnant brevity by right brain usage, and having said a few immensely potent words left all mankind to be their commentators and elongators. They will have health; their words will shimmer with the sunshine in their blood. They will be free; there shall be for them no more groping in intellectual and moral night, the star of God in their spirits shall lead them. They will live in life, belonging to the great majority, receiving thence the secrets of the Time-Spirit, doing it's behests. You may ask what would become of our institutions if our profoundest minds abandoned them for the Alpine paths of independence: I do not care what becomes of our institutions; if truth and character are hounded to bush to die there, they are pretentious lies. Our institutions must go through the fire of change before they can serve life, and I have little love for them as they are. The World is the University. I long for the time when the highest minds shall turn their backs on these fine stone piles mis-called universities.

Would there be some postponement of scientific discovery? It would be temporary. And in its place we should have great lives and inspiration and then redoubled discovery. All of scientific discovery is for what but

* "Life of Jesus." Tr. p. 310.



the eventual obtaining of great lives? We put their coming afar off, and apply ourselves sordidly to contriving means. But there are present ever wings for the highest flights. There were great men in the time of Abraham. Scientific research can flourish only under the tutilage of the superior minds, and shackles are no magnet for superior minds. The alternative being solitude and royal independence of life away from the foundations for research, or constricted character as the buying price of their privileges, the profounder heads must leave the alluring places for shallow brains and nurture research on the everlasting hills of freedom. It is probable that no capitalist will build a memorial hall on these foundations nor endow them with a telescope, but the stars will shine in there and God will be visible without lenses. The way to abundant (eternal) life is direct. Our thousand painful years of research in the vestibule are noble, but the serene tones of life's grand organ sink and swell within, and before the thousand years are gone we shall be dead. Must we do penance a thousand years? There is a way to cheat time and enter the portals and live the life of a thousand years hence in the days that are ours. We can imagine the perfect life, the time when youth shall run its glad course up to ninety years and care shall not cark, when the meridian of life shall be one hundred and peace shall mantle the declining days of a century of old age. We can imagine the unselfishness of the perfect life when burrowing science shall have built its vast mound. But we need not wait. We can be as unselfish now as all will be in a thousand years. Life is within us. We may build our own heaven there as the birds nest in the wide-armed oak. We may live in this blind, supplicating time by the laws of the winged fancy that seeth earth and heaven and hell in its flight. Shall we die without one glimpse and trial of paradise? We are at the gate, the gate stands open, one word decides all now and forever,—courage.

I distinctly see a loss of touch with his fellows for one who can say this word. I see no stopping place if the career is begun, no slippered ease, no hearth, no purse. But I see peace, an occasional friend dearer than the homage of millions, and a surpassing certainty that life has not been given to the dogs. Hard and stony the way to the physical feet, but withal the physical joy and power of the mountaineer, and in the soul the wisdom and consciousness and happiness of all the centuries to come. "I know the difficulties will be upon me presently," writes one who has entered the upland path. "Has anyone who left the lowlying 'broad road,' dusty with over travel, failed to

meet them? I am not too brave, and I own I am afraid of the whirlwinds and the rocky climb. But the fever-damp in the valley! I can see the deathful vapors rising there—if I am afraid to go forward, how dare I turn back?"

But the duty of the thinker to industrial life is something higher than the expediency of an independent livelihood. Some of the disagreeable manual work of the world belongs to him. It may be shirked, those who could have ever shirked it, but only by incurring a debt sometime to be paid. The time to balance this particular account has seemingly arrived. Some have done the degrading toil of the race, toil that was degrading not because it was toil nor manual or uncomfortable, but because it was excessive and devoured all time and capacity to improve. Others have gone scot free, speeding along the track of culture, toward the goal of humanity. But it is written that in this race all shall come in together, neck to neck. The course of culture wheels back upon itself, and now we find the masses to whom we had left the harsher functions of life, straining their difficult way onward, in our front and we cannot pass them. What we have won by excelling them the eternal laws now require for them or we shall all tarry long at this station. The debt is now to be paid; all the long sad outlay of these common ones for our progress is to be reimbursed. They never volunteered to degrade themselves for our culture, we compelled it. We tried to get something for nothing; but we cannot cheat God. Our culture is only a mask. What is the state of soul of those behind the mask whose handsome gilding has been purchased by the sorrows of many billions through ages and ages? We must pay the debt, giving them all that their denial has given us. We must lift from them the curse of degrading toil, taking it equally upon ourselves, making it for all an education and glory. Mere hewers of wood and drawers of water shall be known on the earth no more.

With the energy peculiarly his, Tolstoi has exposed the ordering of life by the law of division of labor, when some stake off for their private occupancy the intellectual field, and pay over a precarious living and assured premature dying to those whom they leave outside in the wilderness of drudgery. "Division of labor!" he exclaims, with a sense of the extravagant irony of the situation. "Some are busied in mental or moral, others in muscular or physical, labor. With what confidence people enunciate this! They wish to think so, and it seems to them that, in point of fact, a perfectly regular exchange of services does take place.....But it is



impossible for us to wink at it, for our last justification is slipping from beneath our feet. We have become specialized. We have our particular functional activity. We are the brains of the people. They support us, and we have undertaken to teach them. It is only under this pretense that we have excused ourselves from work. But what have we taught them, and what we are we now teaching them? They have waited for years—for tens, for hundreds of years. And we keep on diverting our minds with chatter, and we instruct each other, and we console ourselves, and we have utterly forgotten them. We have so entirely forgotten them, that others have undertaken to instruct them, and we have not even perceived it. We have spoken of the division of labor with such lack of seriousness, that it is obvious that what we have said about the benefits which we have conferred on the people was simply a shameless evasion." *

But there is a conception abroad that the gracious acceptance of industrialism is a tendency toward materialism and the vulgarization of life. A few years ago Mr. Charles Dudley Warner issued a protest against "The Demand of the Industrial Spirit," † maintaining truly that we are in the stream of a movement 'toward every sort of material development and advancement, toward the sort of education only that can be made immediately serviceable to material ends.' He censures the materialistic spirit which 'insists that the knowledge of how to shoe and cure a horse, set type, build a railway, assay metals, suit fertilizers to soils, conduct a business, is an education; and if you throw in a modern language or two, a liberal education,' and to save the higher life it seems to him "that just at this moment there is need of insisting upon the importance in life of a pure intellectual culture for as many persons as can obtain it, and of supplementing the practical training with the intellectual culture whenever possible." But it has escaped Mr. Warner that this pure intellectual culture has itself become material in the most degrading manner. It is in these days as much the part of good husbandry to address oneself to the constructions of Greek syntax as it is to shoe or cure a horse, and, remembering the economic value of respectability, it is immensely more remunerative. I am compelled to believe from the conduct of their lives that the spirit of the average grammarian and *litterateur*, when denuded of the classic garb of expression and

* "What to Do?" pps. 191-193.

† *North American Review*. Sept. 1884.

withdrawn from the softened lights and incense of the scholarly atmosphere, is as gross and grovelling as the spirit of the master of a brick yard or car company. If an advanced course in Latin, mathematics, or physical science leaves the mind on the same level of ideas and action as the mind of an iron-master, what profiteth these spiritual disciplines more than the material and hypothetically vulgarizing one of improving steel? And I find the scholar and commercial manager of a piece. It is not by the introduction of technical and mechanical interests that our seminaries of learning are being vulgarized, as they steadily and surely are; it is by reducing learning to the commercial level of commercial profit that they are being hopelessly vulgarized. I do not wish to exaggerate, but I say without hope of contradiction—and it is the pride of these institutions that the saying cannot be contradicted—that the highest motive of our universities is to help men to climb up to pay and popular consideration. What more vulgar is there in the purpose of a banker or bridge-builder? If any one has perchance inclinations to develop faculties that are not exchangeable for dollars, the university has cold encouragement for him; and indeed well it may have, for it is conscious of no aptitude for this higher culture and it knows not what to do with one who cannot be appeased with its pretenses of higher culture, and deadening, spirit-starving routine. Poets, reformers, philosophers and philosophical scientists linguists and educators, the universities of our day cannot produce. They can produce scientists and linguist and educators whom you like to meet as you do your physician, when technical and abstruse matters need diagnosing.

The solution of the great riddle of life, which this question of sounder education permanently is, lies not in 'a pure intellectual culture for as many as can obtain it,' in 'ballooning' them out of the so-called material and vulgar to make intellectual saints and celibates of them, but in education of commingled material and intellectual culture, setting them free from the material through participation and comprehension and mastery of it, by full payment of their debt to it, from which none may ever be exempt here,


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